

Written for the National Intelligencer by a Citizen of Washington.

ROME, APRIL 26, 1892.

So much of the interest of Rome depends upon its ruins that the first thought upon entering its gates is of the marble will witness through old Tiber flows. One naturally expects to see whole acres of dark and moss-covered wall, broken columns, and time-worn monuments. All these exist and may be found in the course of time, but they are not to be seen at a glance. The chief ruins are outside of the modern city, and those that are in the suburbs are so hidden away among houses that it requires time and patience to find them without a guide. I have now been three weeks hunting up ruins, altogether through the aid of had Italian and Vasi, and I am very certain much yet remains to be seen. But the first impression of Rome upon entering the Piazza del Popolo was very different from what I had anticipated; quite as unlike what I had read of as I had expected to find in Florence. For an Italian city it has a peculiarly modern and civilized appearance. The preconceived idea of darkness and gloom, which nearly all travellers entertain, vanishes at once, and it is difficult to avoid running into the other extreme of surprise at its gay and Parisian appearance. It is the best part, however, or rather the newest, that comes first. The Pincio, the Piazza del Popolo, and the Corso, all thronged at this season with fashionable foreigners, are as new looking and unrecognizable as a "wrecked world" or "which time sleeps motionless" as a part of Turin or Milan. To feel entirely satisfied that you are in the City of the Soul you must pass out from the Corso and stand upon the Capitoline hill, where the Forum, and the Coliseum, and the abodes of the Caesars are brought within one sweep of the eye. What you feel then depends upon your temperament and reading of the classic ages.

The whole city was overflowing with visitors when I had the good fortune to arrive. It was on the 4th of April, the beginning of the ceremonies of Holy Week. Not a single room was to be had for love or money from the ground floor to the *ultra piano*, throughout the whole habitable part of the city, so I had to go down to the part considered by all strangers uninhabitable—on the banks of the Tiber, just opposite the old castle of St. Angelo. I dare not undertake to tell you of all I saw in that week; of the grandeur of St. Peter's, and the fine music; the countless processions of cardinals, priests, and soldiers; the washing of the feet of the twelve pilgrims by the Pope; the blessing of fifty thousand people in the Piazza; the chanting of the Miserere, mingled with the clash of armor, the blowing of trumpets, and the solemnities of prayer. And how it is possible, with one's brain filled with strange sights, to describe the street scenes; the rattle of ten thousand carriages; the long lines of gayly-dressed people, pouring through all the public thoroughfares; the prancing steeds of the French soldiers running down common people; the wild chants of hooded monks; the torch-light processions by day and night; the prostrate crowds in front of every Madonna; the confusion of tongues and variety of costumes; and the strange mingling of the pomp and circumstance of war with the solemnities of religion—soldiers arrayed for murder going through the mockery of worship; the hatred of man towards man, and contempt of human rights, all turned to the glory of the Creator. It is a wonderful and impressive sight, enough to make mortals sad and angels weep. Since the winding up of Holy Week there has been a diminution of some thousands in the transient population of Rome. The streets are no longer thronged with processions, and we humble pedestrians, who cannot aspire to princely carriages, and will not rush through the classic haunts of the Eternal City in common hacks, are once more enabled to ramble about at leisure without risk of life or limb. Now, I have made up my mind to one thing, and I trust you will humor me in the idea, for it strikes me as rather novel—to tip the wings of fancy with a little of the lead of reality, and hold a fire-drill with you about Rome, just to convince you that much learning hath not yet made me mad. The madness of learning is an epidemic here, and I expect by the time I get through certain ponderous tomes which a friend insists upon my reading, (and without which he boldly asserts a man might just as well be shut up like a rocket through the broad expanse of knowledge and explode without knowing what happened to him), to sit in the Coliseum with moonlight, and gaze through the rents of ruin without rhyme or reason. Only think how many difficulties one labors under in reining up his enthusiasm in this Niobe of Nations! At the present writing I see old Tiber just below the window flowing with his yellow waves through the marble wilderness; within almost a stone's throw stands the grand old mausoleum of the Emperor Adrian, near the castle of St. Angelo, so boldly defended by Belisarius against the Goths; a little further off to the left looms up the majestic dome of St. Peter's, a gigantic monument of mortal power, standing aloof from the general wreck; and the *Elizian bridge*, still nearer, resounds with the rattle of arms, and the broad plain in front suggests the memory of many a battle hallowed in classic lore.

In my immediate vicinity are various obscure cafes and fraternities under the most astounding signs; among which I need only name the Temple of Vesta, where you get coffee and rolls for three bacci; the Cafe of Juno, the Hall of Apollo, the Forum of Trajan, and some others, where you get nice omelette browned so that it resembles coffee, and costs a good deal less, besides having a soothing influence on the nerves. I breakfast on omelette every morning, and this reminds me of the *Trattoria* of Castor and Pollux, which may be recognized by the sign of two brawny men holding horses, copied from the original Greek statues; rather a nice sort of place, where I sometimes get a mutton chop made of *capra* or goat, and am waited upon by Antonius, Titus, Metellus, Adrian, and other smart fellows with white aprons on; while at the Temple of Vesta I have the pleasure of being served to coffee and muffs merely at a nod by such men as Michael Angelo, Raffaele, Claude, and Dominico. I have only to open my ears and I am filled soul and body with the magic strains of Corinne, whose friends are reading aloud in the next room. If I stroll out for exercise, I unconsciously find my way to the top of one of the Seven Hills, and so sooner look round to see if the line of tourists, marked by red books, extends all this distance from the Corso, than a ragged urchin steps up, and in spite of the most resolute deafness on my part, begins to enlighten me on all the antiquities in the vicinity, for which he has the impertinence to demand a *mezzo baccaro*, or half a cent. The other day, down near the Palatine Bridge, I was attacked by a sturdy little Roman not more than ten years of age, who in ten minutes told me the name of every ruin from the Temple of Vesta, round by the Fortuna Virilis and the house of Nicholas Renzi, to all the old bridges in sight—the Fabrian, the Gratian, Janiculum, and I don't know how many others; and when I paid him the sum of one baccaro (a cent) for his services, which were altogether voluntary, and not sought by me at all, he was so exalted by success that he threw in gratis some touches of taste in regard to the best points in the Island of Esculapian, considered as a subject for the pencil of an artist. I gave him another cent to encourage genius, whereupon he immediately offered to take me into a hole under ground, where I would see the water that came from the baths of Caracalla, and in which I might bathe too if I wished; but by this time an unpleasant suspicion was aroused in my mind by his precocity. He might push me into a pit and rob me of some rolls of St. Peter, which I had in my pocket, and perhaps sell my short-hand notes of the tour from Florence to some learned gentleman as an original volume of Odes by Horace, which would be a gross imposition, because they bear a much greater resemblance to the Greek than to the Latin. So I shook my head and walked off, very well satisfied with the information I had already obtained at the expense of two baccari. This calls to mind the picture shop to be seen in every obscure *vicolo* throughout Rome, where a great many paintings are sold every season as gems by the great masters of art. The Italians have a way of smoking bad pipes of

old paintings, and making them a great deal older than the originals. Entertaining histories of the strange manner in which they are rescued from oblivion are given by the dealers in works of this kind, and certificates from certain high tribunals are cheerfully furnished, so that they become quite genuine. Those that are either very bad, or so obscured by smoke as to be perceptible at all, are caught up with avidity by gentlemen of taste and fortune, who come over every winter to replenish their galleries at home with the productions of genius. Not a winter passes that an original Guericcio, Perugino, Tintoretto, or Julio Romano, manufactured during the preceding summer, is not carried off in triumph by the fortunate purchaser, to be hung up for the admiration of a discerning public in England or America. Statuettes, bas-reliefs, and other gems of antiquity are produced, broken, disfigured, and antiquated, with equal facility, and purchased in the same judicious manner, evincing, as the newspapers say, "a discriminating taste, a true appreciation of the works of art, and a most liberal and enlightened spirit on the part of the distinguished purchaser." I know a gentleman who had a picture that cost him ten or fifteen dollars. It was tolerably good in itself, and he bought it merely because he thought it cheap at the price. Some time after, being in want of money, he sold it to a sagacious dealer, who understood the process of getting up famous old pictures. I think the purchaser called it a Guericcio, but I am not certain. At all events, it was attested as a genuine original by a tribunal attached to the Italian Academy of Art. Of course, after that, it could be no doubt as to its authenticity, and an English nobleman, whose taste in matters of this kind is proverbial, and whose gallery contains many rare gems, doubtless at a thousand pounds; and now it adorns his gallery, and has probably delighted many learned and appreciating admirers of the old masters. I have been hesitating myself for some time about purchasing a Vandylke for two dollars. It can be authenticated for five, and the history is worth three more. Any body who wants it can, by paying exchange and postage, have it for ten dollars. Antique vases from the ruins of Pompeii, which six months ago were common clay, are to be had for a mere trifle; and coins, covered with the mould of centuries, are as plenty as blackberries. Besides, there are manuscripts and autographs without end.

Now, I really think it a great pity that any of our countrymen should run and after things of this kind, when they can retain their senses so much greater advantage. What difference does it make whether a picture or a statue be a week old or two or three centuries, if it be intrinsically good? And why should a bad production, whether original or not, put one into ecstasies because it happens to be dirty, or is made so purposely. If the production of a master known to fame, it can only serve to show how the greatest masters sometimes fail; and if not, it does not possess even the interest of association. Very few originals by the distinguished artists of past ages, except those in the public galleries and private palaces, are extant nowadays; English wealth has purchased them up as fast as they appeared, at the hazard of imposture; and such are now occasionally brought to light are either by inferior artists, who never held a high rank among their contemporaries, or mere copies. The gullibility of travellers on this subject surpasses belief. It ought to be a national feeling with us to cast aside this slavish prejudice, and encourage American art. While we have such sculptors as Powers, Crawford, and Greenough, and such painters as Page, Leutze, Weir, Kellogg, Vanderlyn, Healy, Harding, and many others whose names I could mention if necessary, why should we lumber up picture galleries with old trash which has been smoked into antiquity, or, if genuine, deserves to be smoked into oblivion? A study of the criticisms of Goethe, Winkelmann, Schiller, Lessing, and some others, whose names are associated with all that is beautiful in art, and all that is calculated to inspire an exalted idea of its power and destiny, may be classed among the most delightful of intellectual enjoyments; but I doubt if it tends to produce that calm and dispassionate estimate of the realities of art, without which it is useless to exercise our reason. We might as well give up at once, and admit that nothing more can be done—that the age of excellence has passed, and art has surpassed nature, or that the power of combining and disposing of the highest elements of the natural has been exhausted. It is an incense to the works of man which would obliterate the creations of a divinity. The opinions of such writers on works of art are valuable in leading us to a high appreciation of the beautiful; but they should not be incautiously adopted because of their source. Genius is not infallible, and in no respect is it so likely to err as in the estimate of the productions of others. There is in highly intellectual men a tendency to invest inert matter with attributes which it is not in the power of mortal man to infuse into it. The greatest artists of ancient times would probably be astonished at the interpretations given to some of their works, could they make their appearance in the world in the present age; and would doubtless feel at a loss to comprehend the means by which such conclusions were reached. It is a style of criticism much in vogue among literary men of late years—taking a subject suggested by the work of another, merely as a basis for the display of the mental powers of the critic. There are some men of genius, such as Byron, who discourse eloquently and beautifully, no matter how unworthy may be the subject, or even without a subject, while there are others who really believe what they say, and afford us equal pleasure; yet may it not be that in the first instance there is a little self-worship in the case, and in the last that the judgment is warped by an enthusiastic admiration of all the associations of art, and by incessantly investing works of art with attributes which spring from their own minds; looking not at what has been actually done, but at an object adorned with beauties which the author was incapable of conceiving, idealized by the genius of the beholder, so as to express to him thoughts that never were suggested to the inferior mind? But I am not going to run off into a labyrinth of metaphysics; for one would really think, after dipping into the mysteries of art, so delightfully set forth in the works of the great critics, that it was the most metaphysical study in the world, and that it was only for the highly enlightened few who pursued the probationary path of preparation to reach the great truths therein taught, and from which the mass of mankind are excluded by reason of mental darkness; whereas I take it that any man of common capacity, who has eyes to see and heart to feel, and sense enough to make good use of his senses, and independence enough to judge for himself, can form as just and correct an opinion of productions, of mankind, for human power is limited, and none can be great in all things.

The ceremonies of Holy Week, of which you shall have an account in due time, being past, I propose giving you in this letter a ramble among the studios of the American artists. There are some whose works I have not yet seen, but I hope to be able in my next to give you the conclusion of my researches on this subject. Of American sculptors there are at present in Rome quite a goodly number. For the following list I am indebted to Mr. Mosier:

SCULPTORS—Crawford, Ives, Rodgers, Torrey, Wilson, Story, Bartholomew, Mosier, and Greenough, (brother of the painter)—Brown, Chapman, Freeman, Hall, Innis, (since left), Sanders, (brother of the United States Consul), Terry, and Von Patien.

In Florence there are, as well as my memory serves, of SCULPTORS, Powers, Hart, Galt, Akers, and perhaps one or two others. PAINTERS, Page, Kellogg, and Nichols.

It is not my intention to show any distinction in the order of names. I give them, together with the result of my observations, just as they happen to turn up. If I lean a little towards the best side of their productions, it is not because I see nothing faulty in them, but because there are champions enough for the merits of Italian art, and learned critics enough to point out the faults of American art. There are many talented American artists now in Europe, who are dependent chiefly upon the patronage of travellers for their support; and it is rather a reproach to us at home that their most liberal patrons are the English. We are apt to abuse John Bull for illiberality towards us, and very often with justice, but sometimes the old gentleman does not receive credit for what he deserves. I venture to assert that where one dollar is

spent by Americans in Europe upon English artists, the English spend five hundred pounds upon our artists. Perhaps something is due to the fact that in sculpture, at least, we have greatly the advantage; but the off-hand and generous manner in which they give orders to our artists evinces a liberal spirit, no matter what may be the motive. I only wish that our wealthy men of New York and Boston would devote a little of the same sort of attention to the interests of American art, instead of wasting money every year in buying up trash and encouraging imposture. One good original production is worth a dozen bad copies of the old masters. If ever we intend building up a taste for the fine arts in the United States, the best way to begin is by encouraging our own artists to make good pictures from nature, and not by employing them upon copies of the old masters, which can never be as good as the originals. No copy is as good as an original, save that which is made from the fountain-head, from which all artists should copy. A taste for the arts can never be promoted or encouraged in America by importing pictures or other works, that can only have the effect of disgusting people; neither is it by academic or academical cliques. It is in the genial sunshine of popular favor that poetry and the arts flourish—not in gloomy halls, where contention reigns. But here we are off again on a prosy lecture.

Passing up the Via St. Basilio, I took a peep to-day at the studio of Mr. Ives, the sculptor, whose works I had missed seeing previous to his departure from Florence. Had I anticipated the pleasure that was in store for me, I assure you it would not have been so long deferred. Not only was I highly pleased, but most agreeably surprised; for, often as I heard his works favorably spoken of by the artists of Florence, my attention was not aroused, owing perhaps to having heard and seen a good deal in Italy only to be disappointed. Something about mediocrity is requisite to enlist attention, after a sojourn of a few months in this land of art, where every church and public promenade has its boasted statues, every palace its gallery of paintings and sculpture, every family its household busts, and every tourist his flights of enthusiasm on the productions of genius. In truth, genius becomes rather a drug; and one could almost wish that, as Dr. Johnson did of a certain piece of difficult music, that Mr. Ives had convinced me that there were more ways than one of obtaining celebrity in art, and that genuine merit often remains unnoticed in consequence of too much honesty to adopt illegitimate means of obtaining patronage. While there are thousands ready to award their blind homage to the genius of Canova, and purchase at any price the meanness trifle from his hand, there are in Italy at this very moment American artists, comparatively neglected by their countrymen, greatly superior to him in all the essential attributes of genius—men who would be sorry to own the authorship of his emaculated productions; and when I say this of Canova, it is not because he is an Italian, for genius is not of country; but because it surprises me, after seeing what he has accomplished, how an artist, so deficient in many vigor and knowledge of anatomy, could ever have arrived at eminence on the merit of his works alone. I cannot but suspect that he owes what popularity he yet retains among tourists (for the best artists with whom I have conversed rather understate him) to the fact of having been the first to revive the arts in Italy, and perhaps in some degree to having supplied Madame de Stael, made a statue of Pauline Bonaparte, and formed the subject of an idea for Byron; by the way, had about as much love of art as he had of virtue. This much for the cause of truth; and now let us refresh ourselves with something really excellent in art.

Mr. Ives is just finishing a beautiful female figure representing Spring. The subject, of course, is not new, but fortunately it is as broad and comprehensive as beauty itself, and affords an endless variety in design. Nothing can exceed the gracefulness of design, the simplicity of position, and the general tone of harmony and truthfulness in this work. It does not startle by its novelty; you feel that it is from nature; not presented through the medium of morbid fancy straining for effect, but through the soul of a genuine votary, who loves nature too well to offend her inborn modesty. The figure is the size of life. It is that of a beautiful girl just budding into womanhood, seated on a bank of grass and flowers, engaged in the innocent amusement of decorating her hair, probably in the very natural hope of captivating the heart of some errant knight of the woods. Her left hand is gracefully raised to her head, and in her fingers she holds a string of flowers, with which she is binding her hair; the right arm is lowered, and in the hand she holds the other end of the garland, giving variety and development to the neck, shoulders, and all the beauties of the form, especially that winding character of outline so essential to beauty. Around the hips, or rather falling below the hips, as if by accident, is a loose piece of drapery, which covers the lower limbs, but does not conceal their graceful contour; the right foot ventures modestly out from its flowing folds, and the left is partially hidden in its mystic retreat beneath the drapery. The whole form is chaste enough for the strictest moralist, and yet soft and warm enough to captivate any old bachelor with an ounce of tenderness. But the face—the seat of the soul, as some philosophers think—is heart and soul with Spring. She is looking slightly upward, as if unconsciously, impersonating in the attitude the hopefulness of the future; a smile of inward happiness, love of life and all its bright promises, is impressed upon her lips, which seem ready to utter the innocent thoughts that flutter in her bosom, yet refrain rather from the native modesty of the maiden than the absence of the vital spark. The innocence of youth, the purity of dawning love, the bright-glowing promise of the future, the mingling of the soul's high aspirations with the tenderness and warmth of a true feminine heart, are exquisitely combined in the expression of the whole face. You feel that it is just the kind of beauty that you have been searching for all your life, combining soul and sentiment with the most winning simplicity, and resolve to get married (provided you are a bachelor) to the very first young lady you can find exactly like her in form and features; or, upon second thoughts, to order this very statue in marble, and put it up at the foot of your bed, where you can see it when you come home late from the club smiling pleasantly at you, (not the broken-hearted smiling smile), and behold it when you open your eyes in the morning, through the mists of bad champagne, as amiable and loving as ever, and as mute as heart could wish, with no reproaches, no complaints of the children in rags, wounded feelings, shameful treatment, which—alas!

Mr. Ives has lately completed another very fine work, entitled Pandora, of a more severe style, and consequently not so pleasing as the statue of Spring; but admitted by the best critics in Rome to be a production of great merit. It is a full-length figure, without drapery, (though I believe he intends draping it), holding in the left hand the fatal box presented by Jove, and looking down upon it with a pensive expression of countenance, as if about to open it, but pausing with a presentiment that there might be mischief at the bottom of it, which there was, sure enough. Another late work, and one of the most pleasing of all his productions, is a bust of Flora rising from a vase of flowers. The hair is parted in the middle, and thrown carelessly back over the neck and shoulders. It is charmingly decorated with rosebuds, violets, and other flowers, so truthfully wrought that they seem the real flowers turned to stone. The purity of sentiment evinced in this feature, the delicacy and winning beauty expressed in the features, the high tone of idealism and appreciation of the pure and beautiful, the ease and freedom of style, never exaggerated, always bold, yet within the gentle modesty of nature, can scarcely be surpassed. A bust of Bacchante may also be numbered among the best of Mr. Ives's recent productions. One copy is already in marble, and another is in progress. The head is crowned with grape leaves; the hair falling loosely back and dividing naturally over the shoulders without any tie; it is lightly draped, showing just enough of the form to inspire a wish to see more. But it would require greater space than I can spare to give you any idea of all the good things in this studio. There are busts of General Scott, Hon. D. S. Gregory, Miss Porter, Mrs. Lambert, Holly, H. F. Tuckerman, and numerous others, all most striking likenesses and admirable works of art. Such talents as Mr. Ives possesses must eventually, and I feel confident the time is not far distant, win for him that eminent rank among modern

sculptors to which he is justly entitled. With no other interest in the matter than that of seeing perseverance and true merit justly appreciated, I hope our wealthy old relative at home who takes charge of the affairs of State, as also private connoisseurs, will, in looking out for what is excellent in art, bear in mind that America has produced a few good artists as well as Italy, and throw aside the absurd prejudice in favor of all talent which is not the growth of our own soil and of the present age.

In a letter from Florence I gave you some account of the statue of Ruth, by Mr. Mosier, of New York. The cast is now in Rome, where this talented artist has permanently taken up his residence. Already it is well blocked out in marble, and promises, not only from the intrinsic merits of the work itself, but from the purity and beauty of the marble, to be in all respects a most attractive production. During the progress of the mechanical part of the process, (that of cutting out in marble,) Mr. Mosier has employed himself on some works of a lighter character, one of which is a very charming design representing Cupid, disgusted with the mercenary love of the present day, breaking his bow. The figure is that of a beautiful child, four or five years of age, seated on a bed of flowers, supporting himself with one arm, while with the other he pulls the bow toward him, the end being caught in the bend of the lower leg, and the foot of the upper leg so pressed against the middle as to enable him to break the bow. A quiver of arrows lies at his back, which he has cast off in despair of ever having further use for it. The slight scarp by which it was carried falls across the lower part of the body, and forms the only drapery.

An arrow which he has just shot from his bow lies by his side broken, the point having struck against a coin instead of a tender and loving heart, at which the little girl always aims. The expression of the face is admirable, giving just the right idea of childish disgust, mingled with that mischievous spirit which historians, poets, and lovers have attributed to the wayward boy who deals in hearts. So well-conceived is the whole thing that I cannot but suspect the author of having dipped a little into another book besides that of health mythology; I mean the strange book of nature, in which one reads lessons of joy and pain, and learns that there are delightful little things in this world, most "uncertain, coy, and hard to please." Mr. Mosier has also conceived a very happy thought, which he has already developed in a sketch, of representing Winter and Summer in their most pleasing phases. Winter appears in the form of a boy, who, with a loose hood thrown over his head, and draped to suit the season, is just making his first essay upon the ice. With one hand he holds the stump of a tree on the edge of a pond, afraid to let go lest he should fall; one foot nearly supports him, while the other timidly touches the ice to test its strength. The face is that of a sturdy, headstrong little fellow, who has run off from home against parental authority, and is delighted with the novelty of the enterprise, while rather fearful of the result. Summer is represented by a nude figure of the same size, about to plunge into a stream of water. Flowers grow upon its banks, and it is overhung by shrubbery, giving a pleasing sense of shade and repose. Both of these designs are certainly as original as any thing can be on such a subject; and, as well as I can judge by the sketches, evince a high talent for expression of ideal character; and will, when completed, form two most pleasing works, each distinct if necessary, but bearing the same relationship to the other as the seasons which they represent.

In the studio of Mr. Mosier, another of the American artists now in Rome, I had the pleasure of seeing several good things, chief among which is his statue of Pocahontas, not yet finished. It is sufficiently near completion, however, to show very clearly that it will be a work of much merit. The point in the history of the Indian heroine intended to be represented is where she is about to embrace Christianity. I shall give you a further account of Mr. Mosier's works perhaps in my next.

Mr. Crawford has finished his splendid statue of Jefferson. It is now in plaster, and attracts a large number of visitors, both English and American. His Patrick Henry is a noble work; but it is surpassed, if possible, by his Jefferson. The drapery of the latter, a loose cloak, gives perhaps greater dignity to the form and admits of more freedom than the old style of costume in which Patrick Henry appears. But each bears the impress of a master hand; in the one, the predominant character is profound, thought, dignity, and repose; in the other, boldness, energy, and inspired eloquence. These statues deserve to be ranked among the very finest that have been produced in modern times. Virginia may be proud of a monument upon the pedestal of which such works, as these are to stand. There is encouragement in the belief (which I do not hesitate to avow) that the exhibition of the Powers Greek Slave formed an era from which we may date an approach to the true appreciation of art in America; and that these statues by Mr. Crawford will give it an additional impulse. One such work as the Greek Slave, and one such as the Jefferson, will do more towards imbuing the popular mind with that genuine love of art without which it cannot exist, than all the essays that were ever written, and all the public institutions that ever attempted to form the standard of perfection. They are essays in themselves that all men of sense and feeling can read and understand. They are the nucleus upon which taste gradually but surely grows. One glance at such works goes more directly to the heart, and inspires a more permanent love for the art, than years of up-hill toil in the paths of learning. Mr. Crawford's Orpheus, and his beautiful group entitled Hebe and Ganemede, are too well known to need description. His fine ideal statue of Flora is nearly finished in marble. But, of all his recent productions, none strike me more favorably than an exquisite little group which he has just completed, entitled the "Babes in the Wood." Illustrating Cowper's poem, that touching fireside romance that always brings us back to the days of our youth. I know of nothing more beautiful or affecting than the death-scene of these little innocents, and in looking upon their fair faces, so exquisitely conceived by the artist, so pure and natural, so gently touched with suffering, so like the quiet sleep of childhood, and yet so true to that sleep from which they never more can wake save in the second life, all the sympathies of early youth are revived, and the first fresh swell of early sorrow fills the heart again, and reminds one that there are thoughts that may be driven inward by realities of the world, but not withered up; that something of the child is left in the hardest of us, and our happiest moments are when it is renewed. The "Babes in the Wood" may be read as a chapter from Swedenborg.

Mr. R. T. Tuxton, a young artist from Maine, has painted two very good landscapes of Tuscan scenery; one a view of the tower at Fiesole, and the other a view of Florence from one of the neighboring hills. The coloring is soft and warm, and the general tone evinces a just appreciation of the beauties of Italian scenery. He has also painted an excellent view of St. Peter's from the Tiber. This very promising young artist is now in Rome, where he is engaged in painting some pictures for Sir William Stewart. It is not often one who has scarcely commenced his career falls in with such good fortune. Already he has received several very gratifying orders from distinguished sources, both at home and abroad, and there is no reason to doubt his entire success in the very difficult and too often unprofitable pursuit into which he has so zealously entered. When such men as Sir Wm. Stewart, known connoisseurs in art, bestow their patronage upon a young American who has yet to earn a reputation, it is at least some evidence of merit. Mr. Tilton has much to learn yet; but enthusiastic as he is in the love of his profession, modest and unpretending in his manners, well informed in the literature of the arts, and ardently desirous of attaining the highest point of excellence, there is every reason to predict for him the most flattering success in his future career.

Mr. PAUL AKERS, the sculptor, also I believe from Portland, has made some admirable busts since his arrival in Florence. His style is characterized by great boldness and power, and a remarkable facility in seizing the strongest characteristics of expression in his likenesses, which are singularly striking. He has just left Rome, after a brief visit, and is now busy at his vocation in Florence.

Mr. ALEXANDER, a young painter from Virginia, has been making some copies in the galleries at Florence, and sketches of scenery between Florence and Rome on the Bengia route. He is now on his way to Naples, whence, after a short sojourn, he will return to Florence. As a

proof of the good material in him I need only mention that in company with Mr. Akers, of Maine, and Mr. Upjohn, (son of the distinguished architect), he walked all the way here from Florence, and visited on foot all the neighboring villages around Rome, including Tivoli and the Falls, and is now with Mr. Upjohn taking a pedestrian tour through Southern Italy. Very few even of the best pedestrians think of travelling through this part of Italy on foot. It seems, however, that there is no part of the world where American energy does not push its way in some extraordinary manner. I met two gentlemen in Florence recently who had crossed over in a small fishing craft from Malta to Agrigento, on the coast of Sicily, and walked up to Messina, along the shores, stopping at Syracuse, Catania, and all the principal places on the way. This is nothing, however, to a case related by Kellogg, the artist, who, when in Jerusalem, saw an American lady who, attended only by a single Arab, had crossed the desert from Cairo on the back of a camel. If women accomplish such feats, what is there left for men to do in the way of travel?

Talking about foot excursions, I had the pleasure of making a very pleasant little pedestrian tour a few days since to the villas of Adrian and Sallust, and the Falls of Tivoli, in company with Mr. Taylor, of Westchester, Pennsylvania, Mr. Richardson, of Maine, Mr. Everett, of Boston, and Messrs. Alexander and Upjohn, already mentioned. Mr. Taylor is a brother of my old and valued friend Bayard Taylor, whose views about every body has read; he is a chip of the same block in the way of walking.

Mr. INNES, of New York, one of the best of our landscape painters, has just left Rome for the United States. He goes through France, and contemplates taking the French steamer from Havre. It is to be regretted that impaired health is the chief cause of his return. During his stay in Florence he painted some very excellent views of Tuscan scenery, not so highly finished as some of his earlier productions, but showing greater power and increased facility of composition. I have seen nothing in Rome, in the way of modern landscape painting, to equal his view of Gensano and Sunset in the Campagna. The view of Gensano is taken from the Lake of Narni, known to classical writers as the Mirror of Diana, upon which once floated the flourishing villa of Adrian, and embraces a mountain view, crowned by old castles, and a glimpse of the bright waters of the lake overhung by rocks and foliage. The atmosphere is delightfully transparent; you feel that you are actually looking through it, and almost unconsciously listen for the singing of the birds among the trees that overhang the lake, so calm and lifelike is the scene. The view of Sunset on the Campagna is of a more striking though perhaps not so pleasing a style of coloring, bringing in objects in a more difficult combination of atmospheric phenomena. It embraces some trees peculiar to the vicinity of Rome and a ruined tower on a hill, standing out in fine relief from the background, and fringed with the rays of the setting sun. This is named Evening. Another more highly finished picture, with a rich mass of woods in the foreground and a piece of still water, represents Noon. Besides these, which are more or less unfinished as yet, Mr. Innes has his portfolio well filled with sketches of Italian scenery taken in Tuscany and Rome, many of which are perhaps equal in artistic skill to his more important works.

Mr. PAOL is still in Florence, but leaves shortly for Venice, where he contemplates spending the summer. He has been chiefly engaged during the past winter in making copies from Titian, and has now in his studio some of the best copies of that great master that have ever been produced. Such at least is the opinion I have formed, after a pretty careful study of Titian's works and the copies which have been made of them; nor do I think it an extravagant assertion for I regard Mr. Paol as entitled to take rank among the most gifted of American artists. In many respects he has no equal; in certain qualities of coloring it may truly be said that none but himself can be his parallel. Whether these qualities are calculated to please the popular taste is not so certain, but they evince a thorough knowledge of the principles of art, a profound study of causes and effects, and a self-reliance in adhering to his own views of what art should be, without which none can rise above mediocrity. A man may be wrong-headed and yet be strong-headed, as was said of poor Poe. If Mr. Paol be wrong, however, (and with due deference to his judgment I incline to the opinion that he is), it is not so much on the great principles of art, which he has so ably expounds in his published essays and in conversation, but in aiming to produce effects, which in their highest perfection can only be regarded as evidences of wonderful artistic power, and in the ultimate object of art, which I conceive is, not to improve upon nature in form or coloring, but to give the impression of a reproduction of nature. It is not by servile imitation, after the old German painter, who introduces every fibre in the skin, that this impression is created, nor is it by jumping at effects. No modern artist understands better than Mr. Paol how it is done; yet if I am not mistaken in his system of reasoning the object of art is much higher; it is to create a standard of perfection above nature. Now, suppose such a standard were created, suppose it were possible for man to transcend the works of the Divine hand, who could judge of any production that approached that standard but such as were capable of conceiving it? Not the world, surely. It would be as far beyond the common comprehension of man as the infinite. Mr. Paol conceives that Titian has approached nearer to perfection in art than any painter that ever existed. He is imbued with an admiration for his coloring, which has caused him to study that great artist thoroughly, and hence the peculiar merit of his copies. But it is not to be regretted that an artist so capable of producing good originals should waste his time in copying at all! The best copy that he could make, even if it surpassed Titian, would be but a copy, and as such could never entitle the author to rank among distinguished painters. He has the same broad field of nature that Titian and all the other old artists had to base his works upon, and the path to that is direct. It need not be followed through the labyrinth of other minds, however great, for it is open to all, and he approaches perfection only and best merits distinction who casts aside all prejudices, looks straight forward, and pursues his way fearlessly and boldly, confident in his own strength. There is only one excuse for a man of superior talent wasting his time in copying, and that unfortunately is too often well founded—I mean the necessity of devoting his energies to something which will pay. Good copies are always saleable; originals, however meritorious, are uncertain. Whether this be the case with Mr. Paol or not, I hope it will not be long before he returns to those higher branches of original composition in which he has already won so distinguished a name.

Before my departure from Florence I had the pleasure of being a frequent visitor at the studio of Mr. KELLOGG, who has some excellent paintings in progress. One of the best things I have seen in the delineation of oriental beauty is his duplicate of the Circassian girl, the original of which belongs to Mr. Robb, of New Orleans. An engraving of this work was made in Paris some years since, but does not do justice to the original. It is well known, however, throughout the United States, and is deservedly popular. The copy now in Mr. Kellogg's studio is remarkably rich in coloring, and must add greatly to the high reputation he already enjoys for the successful manner in which he handles subjects of this kind. To give a correct idea of oriental beauty requires a thorough practical experience of oriental life; and there are few opportunities of acquiring such experience have been better than Mr. Kellogg has enjoyed. He has made two extensive tours through the East, one through Egypt and Syria, and another through the principal parts of Turkey. He spent a considerable length of time in Constantinople and Brusa, where some of his best sketches were made. A sketch of his travels, embraced in a very handsome biographical notice, has been published in the *Florentine Journal* of Art, an Italian literary and artistic paper of high standing. No American artist perhaps has seen more of the vicissitudes of travel, and there are few artists of any country so thoroughly imbued with the true spirit of oriental life. Mr. Kellogg's sketches of the Nile, of Mount Sinai, the Wady Massara, Palestine, the Greek Islands, Turkey, and Italy would furnish material for a dozen panoramas. He is working them up into excellent pictures as fast as his time and health will permit. When I last visited his studio he had under way a splendid view

of Jerusalem, from the Mount of Olives; some views in Turkey, a painting of the Ruins of Thebes, and a portrait of a Maltese girl—to the spirit and fullness of which I can bear testimony, having visited most of these regions. The Maltese girl is one of his best recent productions, giving in physiognomy and costume a very good idea of the fair sex of Valletta. It is to be regretted that Mr. Kellogg's health has been somewhat impaired this last winter by too intense a devotion to his art, and perhaps in some measure by the wear and tear through which he went during his four years sojourn in the United States. He is now, however, in better health and spirits, and is finishing up his winter's labors with his accustomed zeal.

Mr. GALT, of Virginia, has sent home his Psyche, of which I gave you some account on a former occasion. It was much admired by travellers passing through Florence, and will, I trust, reach its destination in safety, and be as well appreciated in his native State. By the way, did you hear of Galt's adventure in Austria? A friend being sick in Vienna wrote to him to come on from Florence. On his arrival in Vienna he went with his friend to the post office to deposit some letters. They were watched by a spy in citizen's clothes, and on leaving the office this functionary intimated to Mr. Galt that he must go to prison. Unconscious of having in any way meddled with affairs of state, Galt demanded the reason of his arrest. He was informed that it was for wearing a white hat, made in republican style; but no other satisfaction was given him, and he was marched off to prison under a guard. His friend was permitted to go, inasmuch as his hat was not of the prohibited kind. At the police office there was a rigid inquisitorial examination into the state of the case, somewhat after this fashion: "What is your name?" Galt. Where are you from? Florence. Where were you born? In America. What part of America? The United States. What is your profession? Sculptor. What are you doing in Vienna? Nothing particular; seeing the sights. How is it you speak Italian so well? From practice, and study. How long were you in Florence? Two years. Why do you wear this hat? Because I happen to have no other. Are you a republican? Yes, sir! This avowal was received with marked astonishment and disapprobation. In the mean time, however, the American authorities were informed of the fact, and Mr. Galt had the good fortune to be released, with injunctions from the police to buy a new hat. Had his friend been arrested with him, there is no telling how long they might have remained in prison, for the means of communication between Austrian prisons and the outside world are none of the best. Any body who knows Mr. Galt cannot but smile at the absurdity of attributing to him designs against the Austrian Government or any other Government. He is a quiet, amiable young man, whose whole thoughts and interests are centred in his art.

Another case happened here in Rome a few days since. It was on the last day of Holy Week. Mr. INNES, the artist, a small delicate man, was in the Piazza of San Pietro, among the crowd assembled to see the Pope make his appearance on the balcony. The sun was very hot, and when the Pope came out to bless the people there were only a few of the lower classes of French and Italians who took off their hats. I saw some thousands around me, including the French officers and soldiers, who kept their hats on their heads, where, through their tacit permission, I was suffered to keep mine. A French officer standing near Innes ordered him to take his hat off, to which Innes paid no attention. The officer then knocked it off. Innes had a small cane in his hand, with which he rapped the man of epaulettes over the head; whereupon there was a terrible commotion among the soldiers, a dozen of whom rushed to the assistance of their companion in arms, and by force of numbers took the little artist into custody, and carried him off to jail. He was soon after liberated. I understand Mr. Case intends investigating the subject, and demanding an apology.

Rome is a pious place, I should think. American travellers and artists are not invited here you know; and are not particularly welcome to any but shop-keepers and the proprietors of hotels; yet as the ruins of antiquity seem to be regarded as common property, belonging to the civilized world, and must continue to draw visitors, it would be as well, I think, for Americans coming here to be prepared to approach Rome on their knees, which I presume will be the next requirement on the part of the French Government. Oh, it is delightful to see these French officers, in lace coats and tawdry epaulettes, jingling all over with armor, so devoted to the cause of morality and good behavior; so meek and worshipful; so absorbed in the interests of religion! As for the Pope, he is really an amiable and worthy old gentleman, disposed to be as liberal as a Pope can be; and whenever I see his goodnatured smiling countenance, I feel sorry that he is compelled to keep such company.

Well, it is a great country, Europe, after all; and if the Governments are compelled to abolish certain sorts of hats in order to hold together, we have no right to complain. Hats won't hold them long. They tell us, you make your regulations at home, and exercise the same privilege here. If you like your own, you had better stay at home and enjoy them; we don't want you to interfere with us. Of course, gentlemen, there is reason in what you say; but it is to be hoped that you will confine your objections to hate. Don't, for heaven's sake, deprive us of our breeches. We want to travel like men, if not like freemen. We are a travelling people, and like to take a peep at the curiosities of the old world. Passports we expect to pay for, because our own Consuls furnish an example, and depend in a great measure upon the passport system for their support; but do have the kindness not to insist upon our wearing petticoats.

Yours, &c. J. R. B.